The COMMONWEAL

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Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM (*now on duty with the armed forces*)

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor*; MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor*; C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor*; JOHN C. CORT, *Associate Editor*; JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*.

Foreign Affairs

WITH SOME alarm American commentators have been seeing in de Gaulle's Franco-Russian alliance, coupled with the already existing Anglo-Russian alliance and the presumption that the triangle will now be completed by means of an Anglo-French alliance, a return to the wicked system of power politics on which it is fashionable to blame many of our present woes. Is it for the same reason that Mr. Stettinius, appearing before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on behalf of his new assistants whose nominations had been referred back to that committee by the Upper House, said with great emphasis that one of the five major objectives of our State Department is the "establishment at the earliest possible moment of a United Nations organization capable of building and maintaining the peace—by force if necessary—for generations to come"?

For that is the usual popular contrast: alliances, power politics on one side; a United Nations organization on the other. Yet we completely fail to see any genuine opposition between alliances and a United Nations organization. They can conflict only if the alliances are specificaly intended to contravene whatever charter the United Nations organization may eventually elect. How can triangular defensive military alliances between France, Russia and England contravene the notion Mr. Stettinius so heartily endorses? It seems to us rather that such triangular alliances buttress and implement any later and broader and more inclusive arrangement.

Furthermore, we must remember that there are strong internal reasons for contracting these alliances now, while the more grandiose United Nations organization necessarily remains a trifle nebulous. Why is it that de Gaulle has succeeded so well in France when the various governments in exile have had so tough a time upon returning to their liberated countries? Certainly a basic reason is the cold shoulder which both our State Department and the British showed the French General. This was well known in France, and it served as a guarantee to the French people that the French Committee of National Liberation was coming to them "with clean hands." The unfortunate suggestion made by Marshal Smuts some months ago that the British should boss a Western European bloc to confront the bloc Russia would undoubtedly form in the East meant that one of de Gaulle's first acts must be gracefully to repudiate any such notion. Hence he at once journeyed to Moscow and by negotiating an alliance with Russia not only reaffirmed a basic foreign policy of the Third Republic—one which Laval tried so hard to wreck—but again demonstrated his clean hands as far as English or American control is concerned, without at the same time doing anything for which either power could legitimately criticize him. In acting as he has he has demonstrated political astuteness. Nor is there any reason to believe that his action is in any way intended as a repudiation of a United Nations organization. It is rather a *mise-en-garde* that France will only participate in such an organization as a full equal to the "Big Three."

Social Security Tax Freeze

ABNORMAL employment conditions due to war are chiefly responsible for the piling up of six billions in funds for old age and survivors' social security benefits. Older workers are simply not retiring and the amount paid in is six to seven times current payments to the insured. Such a condition would hardly be considered amiss in a private insurance company, but these are public funds. And the thought of further increasing this present disproportion by doubling the social security tax as provided by law on January 1 has led both House and Senate to vote a tax freeze for a third time, and by an overwhelming margin. It is not known whether a presidential veto would reduce this margin to below the necessary two-thirds in either House or whether he will administer a pocket veto as the present Congress terminates.

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The main argument in favor of the increase is that within a few years greater and greater sums will be needed. When peace comes and with it the need for jobs for the demobilized, the older workers will retire. Inevitably the heavy proportion of older men and women in the nation's population will increase still further. To prepare for what is inevitable at a time when many businesses and workers are best able to assume greater responsibilities would seem to be good sense. It is all too easy, unfortunately, for us to leave to future generations responsibilities which are not immediate.

"Second Pearl Harbor"

RECENT phenomena on the West Coast indicate a continuance of a thoroughly disgraceful attitude toward American citizens of Japanese ancestry. The Hood River, Oregon, American Legion Post which removed the names of 16 Nisei American soldiers from their honor roll touches a new low. The threatened strike in a Hollywood studio, if a discharged Army man of Japanese descent were given back his job, happily was averted, largely because of the nation-wide publicity given this episode by Walter Winchell. But the most hopeful development is a reply to a wild statement by District Attorney Fred N. Howser, before an audience of 1,000 Shriners in Los Angeles's Biltmore Bowl. The address was on the occasion of observance of Bill of Rights Week. Mr. Howser referred to the return to Los Angeles of Tadayuki Todah, who had volunteered and served in the American Army during the first world war, as the "second invasion of Pearl Harbor." At once the Los Angeles Catholic Inter-Racial Council sent a strong telegram of protest through its chairman, Mr. Daniel G. Marshall: "Your ridiculous accusation in a public statement that one unnamed Japanese alien [*sic*] allowed to return to his Los Angeles home by military permit is a 'second Pearl Harbor invasion' befouls Bill of Rights and insults the intelligence of the community. Your duty is to disclose immediately to the Army and the FBI evidence supporting your irresponsible charge. In your Dorsey case statement yesterday you protested that you are not a persecutor and would not prosecute without credible evidence. Is your evidence any better in this case?"

Five to Go

THE FACT that millions upon millions of Americans and others will not receive the full import of the glad tidings of Christ's Nativity in this or any other year is due to many causes. Who can pretend to fathom the intentions of Divine Providence? But one primary observable reason, certainly, is the failure of individual Catholics of high and low and middle estate to bear witness by their actions and their attitudes to the light of the Faith that is their heritage.

And it is tepidity of the love of Catholics for their fellow-men that blinds others—who for historical reasons now find themselves outside the Catholic household—to the essential nature of the Church which Christ founded twenty centuries ago. The Church as Christ's Mystical Body here on earth—Christ the Head and we the members in intimate union with Him. And so to many the Catholic Church is primarily a worldwide human organization, ambitious and hyper-efficient.

That is, for instance, the impression created by the first three articles in a series of eight by Harold E. Fey in the *Christian Century,* a leading and serious Protestant periodical which recently commended the American Catholic Bishops' statement on Dumbarton Oaks as the most "searching," "lucid" and "courageous pronouncement on a matter of public policy" in many years. Mr. Fey thus far has only one thing to say. To his mind the Catholic Church intends to win over the American people to herself and she has the well-ordered organization and efficient techniques to accomplish this ambition. In short the Church is a smoothly working organization greatly to be feared.

Everything imaginable is adduced to support this horrendous thesis. For instance, Mr. Fey cites as a source of strength the concentration of Catholics in the larger cities (where the population actually fails to reproduce itself). And the fact that most diocesan papers the country over reprint "without alteration" the material released by NCWC is evidenced to show that "the Catholic press has attained a professional polish which most of the Protestant press can envy but not equal." Mr. Fey is greatly exercised that there is a Catholic agency for every need: one for collaborating with the USO, for home missions, bishops with authority in financial matters, teaching nuns, representatives in Washington, agencies for industry, labor and rural life, a peace society, hospitals and nursing orders, youth agencies, a Radio Hour, nationwide general lay organizations and the like. For him their very existence is sufficient. He does not go into any detail as to their objectives; he fails to distinguish between agencies which are effective and those which are not, between the large and small, between those which are active and those which are largely paper organizations which do little more than meet and pass estimable resolutions in widely separated cities and at long intervals. The Fey articles are not excited in tone but his material thus far published merely skims the surface. It should not make much of an impression on people who are not frightened by mere names or, in fact, on any thoughtful man of good will.

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"The Present Discontents"

OUR STATE DEPARTMENT has said that we cannot join in repressive action in Greece or in Italy or in Belgium or anywhere else where local discontent with local government is expressed by the armed local heroes of the resistance movement turning their arms against the local government—whether ex-refugee or not. "Hands Off," we say. But do we mean what we say?

If we—and not the British—"in an attempt to redeem our pledged word had sustained 30,000 casualties in what might perhaps be called the chivalrous resolve to share the miseries of Greece when she was invaded by Germany and Italy in 1941"; if now, with the turn of the tide, an American general, with this memory of sacrifice, were commanding in Athens; if now that General saw armed Greeks rioting in the street and used force to stop that rioting, would we now send him the order "Hands Off"?

If it had been we, the Americans, who had "lost 35,000 to 40,000 men in opening up the great port of Antwerp," would we not say, again with Mr. Churchill, that "the sacrifice of these men has also to be considered as well as the friends of democracy advancing in lorries from Mons to start up a bloody revolution"? I think we would. I know we have. For the British General Erskine, who has taken what action has been taken in Belgium against those who, without awaiting elections, would overthrow the Pierlot government, "represents, he is directly responsible to, and derives his authority from General Eisenhower." Was the State Department "Hands Off" addressed to Eisenhower?

Would it ever be addressed to Eisenhower if there were trouble in France?

We were compelled to issue the "Hands Off" proclamation because we have a deeply rooted, traditional, isolationist policy of refusing to intervene in the internal affairs of other nations. We are persuaded, honestly, that democracy is irreconcilable with such intervention. And so, whenever the subject comes up we have to speak as Mr. Stettinius has spoken. We preach this policy whenever we can; we ask our friends to act upon it, we even hope that some day our enemies will act upon it; we act upon it ourselves whenever such action does not harm our interests. It is a fine policy when dealing with nations who are not causing any trouble; also it is a fine policy when the people who are causing trouble are acting somewhere where we have no interest at stake, or when the trouble they are causing is the trouble we like. For instance, it was a fine policy when the underground movements were in revolt against the German occupying forces in Europe and against the European collaborationist governments. It was not such a successful policy—practically speaking—when its application by us favored the rebellion of the German state against the European order on which we had spent a war. It may be a fine policy, universal and theoretical, at all times, but where we are in command in Belgium we are not applying it; we would not be applying it were we in Greece; we do not always apply it in Latin America; it would be most unlikely that we should ever think of applying it if trouble arose in France; so that all this fine talk about the fine policy is talk.

Last week it was pointed out that the British are determined to allow no revolutions wherever they can prevent them. We have our policy which, if applied, would permit revolutions. We have stated it. Because it was our tradition to state it. We are always stating it. Practically speaking, we shall not attempt to insist that the British carry it out; should occasion arise—should there be evident disorder and fighting in areas occupied by our troops and no matter who may be the insurgents—we shall not carry it out ourselves.

Two and a half years ago (April 24, 1942) Valeriu Marcu in THE COMMONWEAL predicted what we are seeing today. "Without a doubt new, terroristic, warlike elements and not figures from the political antique shop will be the next rulers." Immediately (May 1, 1942) we answered him: "Whatever new machinery the heroes may invent to defend their new won freedom will not be too dissimilar from the old. There is a rhythm of revolt, a slower rhythm of construction. The heroes will even have to become politicians . . . The same choice will have to be made between that endless process of compromise, slow advance, persuasion, *combinazione* which is democracy, and the false simplified solutions of violence."

What Mr. Marcu predicted is being attempted in Greece and is being prevented in Greece. In the interest of democracy a certain ingratitude must be shown the heroes; they will have to be deprived of their arms unless they desire to use them in the service of the allied armies, they will have, even, to become politicians. It may be that the politicians in their several countries who oppose them, and who are assisted by the British and by Eisenhower, are very old fashioned and even reactionary politicians; (an opponent of Pierlot has said that his watch stopped when the senate clock stopped in June, 1940, and it has never started since); but the way to turn these men out is not by violence; there is no simplification of democracy to be arrived at through violence. The democrats in arms must disarm. They armed for war, they fought and won the war; unless they want to carry the war home with them into their liberated capitals they must disarm. Unless we want the war carried over into the peace with private armies fighting in politics, we will be forced to act with the British.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Reflections of an Old Campaigner

The disabilities of a third party

Norman Thomas

IN A crowded club car as the train sped across the plains of Kansas, the life of the party was a young air force officer, thirty-six hours away from his British base on leave, and bound on a visit to surprise his mother. He was a Texan and wanted the world to know it. I found myself sitting next to him, and after a period of relative silence he politely inquired in his pleasant voice, "Sir, if I may ask you—and of course you don't have to answer—who are you going to vote for in the next election? I've been away so long I don't rightly know the score." "Well," I replied, "this may surprise you, but I'm going to vote for myself." My companion, obviously taken aback, hesitated a second or so and then said "Well, of course I've been brought up to believe that I or any other man could be President of the United States, but . . ." I hastened to relieve his bewilderment by telling him, what I hadn't told before, my name and then occupation as Socialist candidate for the Presidency. He thoughtfully considered the situation and said "But Sir, suppose you weren't a candidate, or didn't think you could be elected, which of the others would you vote for?"

That story is typical of the present American attitude toward a major election. There are only two candidates representing the two major parties with a chance of winning. The voters want to try to help pick the winner.

We Socialists have a custom of permitting and even encouraging questions to the principal speaker at meetings whenever time and the size of the audience permit. More than once in this last campaign after I had talked my heart out about the constructive value of a Socialist vote on the basis of logic and the history of minor parties, I have been asked, in effect, "But which of the two, Roosevelt or Dewey, is the lesser evil?" The questions were not asked by smart alecs or in an insulting tone; often the questioner would preface the inquiry by a statement of general agreement with the things I had said. I finally came to believe that choosing the lesser evil was a favorite American sport, at least in Presidential years.

Ours has long been a two-party country. James Bryce commented on this fact in his famous "American Commonwealth" which appeared, I think, before 1890. He went on to say that the two parties were like identical glass bottles with different labels and both empty. To which in 1944 I added the observation that both bottles were filled with mud. The paradox of the situation is that during my long political experience the general tendency has been to a steadily diminishing respect or affection for the old parties coupled with an increasing reluctance to give any consideration to a third party especially in a Presidential election.

That tendency was peculiarly strong in the last election. The Minnesota Farmer Labor Party merged with the Democrats before the campaign. The Wisconsin Progressives and all other "third" parties made numerically a very bad showing. The considerable vote for the American Labor and Liberal Parties in New York is not the exception that it seems because they merely endorsed the Democratic nominees for President, Vice-President and Senator. Their technique would have been impossible in a great many states which forbid the name of any candidate to appear more than once on the ballot. If New York had had a similar law, doubtless the PAC and other agencies could have got out the vote for Roosevelt and Wagner under the Democratic emblem. There is a significance to the fact that more than 700,000 people preferred to vote for Roosevelt and Wagner under a label not shared by Tammany Hall. But by no means does that fact controvert my argument that the United States is at present, especially in regard to the Presidency, a two-party, or, perhaps more accurately, a two-candidate country.

It must be admitted that our Constitution and laws tend to strengthen this custom. There are forty-eight different sets of primary and election laws. The important thing with us is not the election of legislators, as in a parliamentary country, but of one man, the President. He must get a clear majority of votes in the electoral college or else the election will be thrown into the House of Representatives in which New York and Nevada alike would have one vote. It almost requires a two-party system to manage this legal situation. Even so God must love us to save us so far from the dangerous possibilities inherent in the situation—for example, the victory of a President after a hot election who has an electoral college

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majority without anything like a plurality of the popular vote. Socialists and others who have tried to build "third" parties have always acted in the hope of becoming a first or second party, as did the Republicans between 1856 and 1860. What we Socialists protest is the whole underlying situation. A healthy democracy requires the direct popular election of the President and is wholly opposed to the tendency which grows stronger year by year in state after state to monopolize the ballot for the Demorcatic and Republican parties by making the entry of new or minority party slates on the ballot almost impossibly difficult.

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But to get back to campaigning. There is, I find, a considerable misunderstanding of the nature of the difficulties which a Socialist candidate faces. I have run five times in succession for the Presidency on the Socialist ticket. I was pretty active for Gene Debs in 1920 and for the elder LaFollette in 1924. So I speak with authority. The difficulty faced by a Socialist candidate, even in tense years like 1920 and 1932, is not overt hostility. I say this because the well informed Office of War Information sent out a fair and even friendly story about me and my nomination which said—I quote from memory—"every meeting in Mr. Thomas's arduous campaign trips is an adventure." The implication was that I usually faced at least hostile hecklers. This is not the case. In my lifetime I have occasionally faced mobs or hostile police. Not, however, in political campaigns, but in free speech tests, strike meetings or the effort to organize workers or sharecroppers. In literally thousands of meetings in all parts of the United States (many of them street corner or other outdoor meetings) which I have addressed as candidate for the Presidency or lesser offices, I remember amazingly little actual or potential disorder. More eggs and vegetables were thrown at Wendell Willkie in 1940 than I ever saw in five Presidential campaigns. Sometimes I have thought that more open hostility to what I said would be a better omen for democracy than indifference or a kind of fatalistic attitude summed up in the sentiment "You're right, but what can we do about it?" I remember, for instance, a friend who told me after one election. "You haven't seen much of me lately, have you? I deliberately kept away from you and your meetings because I had made up my mind how I was going to vote and didn't want to be disturbed about it."

That attitude helps to explain the fact that, except where the Socialist Party is strong, or especially proficient in the art of managing meetings, I usually get bigger audiences when I am not speaking as a candidate. The outstanding exception, of course, was 1932. That was a year of uniformally big and sometimes very big, Socialist campaign meetings.

It is generally forgotten that Roosevelt's immense personal popularity followed, not preceded, his first election. I shall never forget a sweet faced old lady, dressed somewhat like Whistler's Mother, a type so unusual at Socialist political rallies as to catch my attention. I was addressing a crowded overflow meeting in San Francisco. Not only had the old lady waited a long time to hear me, but she was in the line to speak to me afterwards. In a sweet voice she said: "Mr. Thomas, this is the first time I ever heard a Socialist and I agreed with you, but" and her whole expression changed "I'm not going to vote for you. This year we've got to get that man Hoover."

After that election, in which a leading Washington newspaper correspondent estimated that only about half of our votes were counted for us, I received hundreds of written and oral regrets from people who told me that they had fully intended to vote Socialist until at the last minute they were frightened into thinking that possibly Hoover might win. On a smaller scale, I've had similar experiences in other campaigns.

No, the difficulty of Socialist campaigning as I have found in five races for the Presidency, is not overt hostility or threatened violence. It has been lack of organization and funds to wage a campaign on so immense a scale as the size of the country together with the organizational and financial strength of the major parties requires. It has been one's anonymity or semi-anonymity. It has been the general rule of the press that candidates are entitled to space in proportion to the strength of their parties—a rule which tends to doom the weak to permanent weakness. Parenthetically I may add that, with notable exceptions, political reporting is very poor in America, especially where minor parties are concerned. I should be given a degree from a school of journalism for educating reporters in the barest elements of economic and political theory. Almost always these reporters are a good sort. They mean to be fair. But even when they themselves do a pretty good job, somebody else edits the story and writes the headlines. There is a general assumption that the people aren't interested in a logical presentation of a political argument. It is a concession when the newspapers print the speeches or reasonably full summaries of the speeches of the major candidates. Why bother with a Socialist? I remember one campaign when even the *New York Times* published the same wise crack I made four or five times over, although it had very little space to summarize my arguments.

On the whole the radio gives a minor party candidate a chance to reach his potential public directly with his own arguments. But national network time is enormously expensive and the major

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parties deluge potential hearers with so much political oratory—usually, except when it is abusive, as dull as it is evasive of issues—that the public tends to avoid political speeches. With a few exceptions, I have got far more numerous responses of one sort or another to radio speeches not delivered in campaign time than to more important speeches I have delivered as candidate for President.

In short the hazards of Socialist campaigning have been mental rather than physical. Even the difficulties of traveling when one has no private car at his disposal have their compensations in the contacts they give with one's fellow citizens. I hasten to add that I very much like my American fellow travelers, even if I don't think much of their political judgment!

I'm not sure how well the editor who asked me for this article is going to like it. I suspect that he wanted me to tell about a typical day: what it feels like to spend 23 consecutive nights in a sleeper and speak from two to five times in addition to the main meeting, each day; who meets you at the station and what sort of local pride they show; how audiences act and all the rest that goes to make a "color" or "personal interest story." Well, that story would vary with different years and places, and it isn't what is most on my mind.

I am a poor hand at keeping records. I used to boast how many thousand miles I had traveled until Mrs. Roosevelt rendered all other such performances pitifully inconsiderable. (But I have covered more miles in any campaign than my old party opponents and I have got more applause when I have faced their spokesmen. All they get is the votes!)

What really concerns me is that our present political alignment and our present methods of waging political campaigns are woefully inadequate to the preservation of effective democracy in these critical years. The practical identity of the old party platforms and their joint evasion of issues makes government today a matter of pressure politics and in some post-war crisis will invite the rise of a fascist dictator. It is a serious thing for democracy when voters feel that they must choose between candidates who offer about the same program, as far as they offer any, and who make the issue a matter of personality and plain veracity. That was what happened in 1944. It is more or less what happened in 1940, although that campaign was not on quite such a low level as the one that has just closed. I blame the candidates for this, but far more do I blame the underlying situation and the general American attitude toward it. I shall not repeat what I have said so often about the necessity for a political realignment. I submit to the readers this personal testimony as part of the evidence for my case.

The Absent

Rose Poncin

THE WAY it would be this year is that you would have only one shepherd with the paint cracked off. Unless it were for the children. You would have to do something for the children; there would have to be enough of the crêche for the children to understand. And even that would depend on what children and where. Because even one broken shepherd with the head glued on back again would be enough for the children in Calabria, more than enough for the children of Essen if there are any children in Essen, more than enough for the children of Essen or Dortmund or Bonn wherever they are and wherever they have taken them to. A shepherd without a head or with just one leg, or the woman who is carrying a great basket of pomegranates and grapes, even if her hands are there holding nothing, that would be enough for the children who have nothing at all; you would not even have to tell them anything very much; it is not like when the Kings came; you would have to tell them about that, for children would not know about the camels or the kings or the gifts; but the first day was not like that; no one came from very far; really, no one came at all, it was just those who were there, or very near. They did what they could to be kind or perhaps they did not do all they could but at least they did not have a war to worry about, they were not all of them driven out of their homes, there was only one family which was out of its home, homeless, and so it is possible that some people were kind. It was not the mayor, of course, or the officials; the people who were kind were the people dressed in German clothes, or in Italian clothes, or in French clothes and who lived twelve or fifteen hundred years later in France, Italy and Germany and who were made into little statues with the clothes sewed on by hand and then painted in colors, or they were in the great paintings in the museums. Those are the people who were kind and all you have to do is to show any one of them

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to the children, even if the statue is broken, and the children will understand. The children in all our Europe would understand because all they need is a hint of kindness, a gesture that is not violent, the suggestion of a gift, the implication of warmth. Perhaps in your country they would be more exacting. The basket of fruit would have to be there with ribbons if they care for fruit and of course they do not know about fear and so this tenderness in the little statuettes would not seem so entirely unusual as it seems to our children, and the fish, and the bread, moulded in plaster and painted, the fish and the bread carried in the basket would not be what they had dreamed about in hunger.

When I was in America, do you remember, there was that second of the avenues in New York and after you had gone up it a long way the avenue became most un-American; no one had taken any interest in the shape the houses should have; it was a long wide straight street with that singular lack of interest which is also in similar long wide straight streets in the more recently developed sections of Naples. People in Europe build their towns and villages but when they just spread out from their cities in the new streets which the municipality has decided must be straight and wide they do not seem to feel that these new streets are theirs; they take no interest in them; no matter how new are the streets, the people who live in them look as if they were camping out in abandoned buildings. That is the way it was very far up on this avenue in New York; the shops were all Italian, the vegetables were exposed on the sidewalk; at the street corner was the *espresso* bar for coffee with the Italian cakes; Italian bookshops. But the Italians had not built anything of their own; they were camping out in this street which was too wide for them; they were unable to put a Vesuvius across the East River and that day when we were walking in that street the snow was driven hard and we walked bent against the wind; we went into a bar for coffee and cakes, into a bookstore; I bought you the "Cieca di Sorrento" in memory of Naples and then, near a church, there was of course the lady who sells objects of piety or for piety or which may inspire piety and among the objects on display in the window was this young man in a blue coat who held his arms outstretched, uplifted in delight. There was no crêche in the window and he had wandered from any of the companions with whom he once perhaps had stood. What he had seen with such delight was not there for him to look upon.

He is here now with me. He had never crossed the seas. An Italian made him in America, painting the eyes blue, painting the blue coat, painting the red knee breeches and the scarlet stockings. He has crossed the seas now. It was snowing hard that day when we bought him together in New York; it is snowing hard now over the houses which have been burned down in the village, there are no roofs, the snow drifts down into the open empty houses, the snow drifts down into the dark waters of the river beyond the village, masks the hills across the river.

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You must not mind what I said about the American children. They are very fortunate and I do not wish them misfortune. It is only that I am looking down over this ruined village in this country which is my country and it is this season when a house should have a roof on it on account of the snow and it is this season which was always so happy a season because of the night which is coming so soon and which was always so happy a night. So that I was thinking of the American children and it is natural that they should demand the crêche with every possible personage standing round it and the tree with all the candles and at its foot paper packages beautifully wrapped and it would not be in every family that the ribbons had been saved from the year before. The stockings too in the morning with the childen admitting only one orange, to fill out the toe, and all the rest must be much more interesting than the fruit which they have for breakfast whenever they want it all through the year. But it is natural also that the children who have been driven out of their homes in Germany and in Italy should be content with the slightest reminder of kindness and if there were but one of the personages of the crêche he would be quite sufficient. Or one orange would be enough. Or bread. If there could be silence too. If the bombs were not falling. If the family could be there too. If on this great night which is so near there could be a family joined anywhere together—with a little bread, one personage from the crêche—in silence.

There are all the countries of Europe and you say Germany or Italy or Poland, but you could say Greece or Belgium or Holland or France. You do not have to worry about what name you say. It is always the same distress. There are all the other names of the other countries and we do not like to look at the map any more. There is the same distress everywhere. The same impossibility of gathering a family together.

It is not a question of the dead. The dead are the only ones who are sure to be present. The snow will not prevent their travel, the snow drifting down into the bedroom—into the space of the bedroom—the snow will make no difference to the dead. The dead are in our hearts. On that night the dead, all our dead, will be in our hearts. There will be no difficulty about that. The dead of all our wars as far back as we can remember the wars. And those who died at home. There will

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be no difficulty except for those of the dead who have not been dead long enough. Even when they are not exactly of the family.

I am thinking of the day when it became evident that the battalion quartered in the village was about to withdraw because all the men were packing up their things. In the late afternoon we looked down at the village and you know how smoke rises from the chimneys of the village houses and there is the gentle smoke rising from the house of the village baker, the smoke rising from the blacksmith's house into the golden light of the late afternoon but that afternoon smoke and flames rose everywhere in the village—they had set fire to the village—and while, unable to look away from the burning village, we stood on the terrace looking down at the village we saw a squad coming up the road. Where the road turns below the orchard the men passed out of sight. They rang the bell at the gate of the courtyard but the gate was open and they did not wait for anyone to go to the gate. They entered the courtyard but they did not come up to the house, they went directly to the farmer's house and when he came to the door they took him away. They were considerate of his family's feelings; they did not execute him until they had taken him down to the village square and then they shot him with the other eight. There will be a little difficulty about him, too recently, too unexpectedly dead. Three days later the Americans came and the trouble is also that he seems unreasonably dead. We need to understand why men must die and when they die in the war all the explanations have been given by the history of our country; when our men go to war we expect that many of them must die; we are accustomed not to choose among them which must die and which may live. In America there are so many Americans that when the men go to war it must seem that anyone in whom one has an interest has a chance to survive the war. In our country our men are fewer and when they go to war it has always seemed to us unreasonable to hope that any particular one of them whom we love will be able to separate himself from the community of those who are to die. It is not a question of percentages; we feel that way because we see the one we love, the ones we do not care about, all the men of the village, going away together to the war with only one or two or three days separating the first to go from the last. So that those who stood reading the mobilization order the day it was posted in the village and who left on the first day or on the second or the third according to their papers, if they died in the war then they are the kind of dead we know about, they are the dead who will be with us in our hearts without any difficulty arising. When we are together in the night which is coming. When the families gather and the dead and the living are together, before going through the country lanes carrying the lantern through the snow and the night into the village square and all the families are there together before going into the church.

★

That is the way you think of it. It does not matter what you know. You know about the dead. The dead have never disturbed us when we were dressing the children warmly to go out into the snow in the night. The dead in the leather-bound album on the table in the living room, my grandfather the Admiral in the enlarged photograph on the wall with his uniform painted blue and the buttons painted gold, by hand; my father the doctor on the opposite wall—he is a student at the university; he has just finished his military service—my uncle the notary, my mother standing by a carriage, holding her gloves, smiling. The dead have never withdrawn from the life of the family. We would not really need the album but that is what it is for: to show that the family is the family. A little girl is in the album and that is me, my brother is in the album and he was killed in '15; the living and the dead are there, very much the same, the clothes look strange. Only, this year, we are not certain that some of the dead will be like the dead in the album. The farmer's wife and the children will cross the court as they always do and they will leave the house with us, with our children, as they always do, and, of course, the farmer is now properly in the cemetery with the admiral, the notary and with my mother—that is to say he is with his own people but he also is with ours—only when we reach the village square it may seem as if he were there dying again and he had not properly said goodbye to his wife, and it was not as if he had gone to the war as a soldier for he had gone to the other war as a soldier, and it may be very hard to feel that he is really one of the dead, whom we know and love and who are so fraternal to us, and that he is not there still between the Town Hall and the Church dying abruptly with the firing squad just turning away.

The dead always walked down the hill in the night toward the church, there was always this procession of the living and the dead. Coming home the children of one family called to the children of the other family—the people who live just above us in the house in the woods, further up the hill—but on the way down to the village the children were always quiet and so the family of the living and the dead was recollected and quiet as it walked down into the village to the church in the winter night. In the village streets the families would be coming out of their houses but everyone was very quiet; it was only on coming out of the church that people spoke.

For centuries, ever since there had been villages

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in Christendom it had been that way; it had always seemed to us that it had been that way. But perhaps there had been times when it had not been that way. Perhaps in the years of the plague it had also been impossible to gather a family together. Not because of any difficulty about the dead. But because the living could not meet. They may have been afraid to meet. The mother would stay with her children of course. But the brother, the uncle, the cousins would be afraid to come. Because of the plague. Perhaps they did not dare meet in any house or go to the church together. But then they had a reason; they were prudent; with good reason. So that there may have been other years when it was impossible for a family to unite. When the Saracens carried men away into captivity. But that would be only a few men, a man here and there from one village here and there. It was never all the villages in a whole country, never all the villages in the whole of Europe. The plague, and the Saracens, and of course during the wars of religion it must have been very difficult—but not in the same way—it would not be the same thing during the long years of the religious troubles, the families would have stayed close together, it would only be exceptionally that they would be divided, no one would have been traveling. Perhaps there were other moments in nineteen centuries when the living members of the family could not join together and with the dead but we only remember what we remember and in this village it was never that way. That is why I keep telling you how it was always, as if it could be as it always was again this year. Because this night which is coming has always seemed a moment on which we could count. Yet you have heard already, even if we could not write to you, you must have known already what has happened in Europe, to all the families in Europe, in all the countries, in all the cities, in all the villages. I do not want to talk about it. It is what I have been trying to keep out of my mind as I write. I did not want to talk about those in the family, in all the families, who are not dead and who are not living, about those of whom we know nothing. About the absent, the dispersed, the deported, the lost.

They are not in the armies, for if they were in the armies they would be absent in a way, lost to us in a way, but they would be present also, for we have always known about the military; the soldiers, like the dead, are in our hearts and they will be present in an orderly way, unprotesting, quietly, when we go down the hill to the church, and all through the evening and the night. But about the others it will be hard to know.

We shall make the crêche of course, for the children, for our children and for the farmer's children and the young man in the blue coat will stand before it with his arms uplifted in delight.

Two Poems

Explanation

Pity my heart that it broke in two;
All that I did
Was peering in where the little child was hid,
And kneeling there as I saw the oxen do.

All that I did was kneel before a King
Who owned the sky
And earth and everything everywhere far and nigh,
And find him throned on a straw-wisp slumbering.

And yet my heart, which is all of it marble, broke,
For the little child,
Not noticing me, up at His mother smiled,
And all the songs in the world in my heart awoke.

DANIEL SARGENT.

Rain on the Last Day of April

Why do you weep, virgin?
I indeed weep at your going,
But whence these tears of yours,
Maiden of never-bloom?
Eternal budding whose tenderness never can dull,
Who are forever unhurt
For that you swiftly pass?

Ah! but I weep that you weep!
For so, wanting mercy, say you once again
The ancient truth:
All mortal loveliness, all must
End in tears.

Nay! I have not turned traitor,
O my April!
Nor am I at the last afraid of tears.
But, oh! I would you had not wept
When you left me
And told me how
All loved things end in tears.

Yet, yet I pray not respite
Of pain's gnawing
Nor ask for drying now of these, my tears.
For there shall come
The heaven of God's own drying.
And what if I
Had naught to wipe away!
Ah, what if God
Found naught to wipe away!

FRANCIS D. CLARE.

Communications

PREJUDICE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: It is a fine thing to inveigh against prejudice (I am thinking of an atricle that appeared in your columns a month or two ago) and THE COMMONWEAL is to be commended for its robust stand against

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prejudice in all its present day manifestations, yet if this effort to establish tolerance by persuasive eloquence and pressure methods continues at the rate in evidence in the pages of all "liberal" periodicals, in the course of events and by way of reaction some clever chap—as yet unborn perhaps—is going to write a book called "A Plea for Prejudice," which the public will take to its heart, by which a movement will be engendered and the vicious circle of blind hatred and spite will start all over again. How can we avoid such an extreme except by moderation, a closer study of the psychology of prejudice and a refusal to lump all prejudices in one category? Not every prejudice is necessarily bad. There are healthy prejudices and prejudices which justify themselves later in the unfolding of events. This is known to most of us, both in our private lives and the slight influence we bring to bear on the body politic. We are for or against some one or some thing not as a result of logical reasoning but from a feeling that we believe to be sound. We wait for time to catch up with us and vindicate us. Often it does. This may be intuition operating within us, but in popular currency and in the opinion of our friends and enemies it passes for prejudice. The attempt to put a ban on all prejudices indiscriminately might defeat its own end and blur the distinction between prejudice and intuition, or instinct. Many people, good as well as evil, live entirely by instinct. Someone has said, "If we can't trust our instincts, what can we trust?"

ANDREW MCGEE.

"TIMELESS MEXICO"

Mexico, D. F.

TO the Editors: The October 27 issue of THE COMMONWEAL (which arrived unusually late in Mexico) has a most interesting review of Hudson Strode's "Timeless Mexico" by my friend, Harry Sylvester. It was nice of him to pay me a compliment and I am sure that my old teacher, Dr. Francis Borgia Steck, O.F.M., feels the same about it. However, I cannot refrain from observing that in one part of his review, Harry went a bit too far in agreeing with critics of the Mexican Church when he wrote: "The Church in Mexico has probably been as corrupt as any place in the world."

I realize that your space is limited so my remarks on this topic must be limited likewise. First, let us check up on the two people Harry mentions (quoting Strode) as being witnesses of corruption in the Church. They are Madame Calderon de la Barca and the Abbé Domenech.

Madame, a naturalized American of Scotch birth, wrote a very interesting book. However she knew very little about Church customs and ritual and it is worth noting that many of her criticisms directed against the Mexican clergy disappeared from subsequent editions of her book, that is to say, after she had become a Catholic. Now, if her criticisms were valid, they should have remained in the book *in spite of* her conversion. Therefore, it seems fair to argue that she had made several mistakes in her appreciations of Catholic customs and practices and thought it not advisable to continue their divulgation. Also it is fair to observe that she was not discouraged from entering the Church by anything she saw done by Mexican Catholics or their clergy.

The Abbé Domenech, who is frequently cited by anti-Church critics, was but one of several clergymen who came to Mexico with Maximilian and whom Father Mariano Cuevas, S.J., the Mexican Church's leading historian, has described as "pretentious and aggressive ecclesiastics" and "calumniators of the Mexican clergy and episcopate." In another citation, Father Cuevas refers to Domenech as one who was "embittered against the [Mexican] bishops because they did not give him all the importance he thought he should have"; and also that "he was full of prejudices and disdain for our people, as may be seen in his so-called 'History of Mexico' published in Paris in 1868."

Really, one need not lean on Madame Calderon de la Barca and Domenech if he wants criticism of the clergy during the Empire period (1864-1867). Maximilian himself (a seventeenth degree Mason) and his consort, Carlota (who was proud of her collection of Voltaire's works) took it upon themselves to lecture the Mexican bishops and clergy for what the foreign monarchs considered glaring faults. The trouble is that few historians (and possibly Mr. Strode among them) ever bother to read the replies that were made to the officious monarchs and the clerical members of their entourage. I can assure you that the replies *were* made and that among the best of them is a series of pamphlets (Mexico, 1865) written by the famous Father Basilio Arrillaga, S.J., in answer to the charges made by the Abbé Testory in a pamphlet called "El Imperio y el Clero Mexicano." I believe that Domenech, Testory, Maximilian and Carlota, as well as Mr. Strode and Mr. Gruening, are well answered by the old man who was the Rector of the dying university when he defended the honor and the good name of his fellow priests.

Too, it is a rather notable thing that the greatest critics of the Mexican clergy have been foreigners—and that Americans and Englishmen are most prominent in these ranks. From Father Gage, the renegade Dominican of the mid-seventeenth century, to Henry B. Parkes in 1938, these critics have repeated each other's writings almost without ceasing. The list is long and inglorious: Poinsett, Ward, Thompson, Lyons, Brantz Mayer, Forsyth, Butler, Wilson, Beals, Gruening—but why go on? In fact, the stories are so black and so unvarying that of themselves they should give pause to the unwary. There is seldom a word said in defense of the clergy, seldom an appreciation of priestly effort on behalf of education and social service. And it should be remembered that when one speaks of the Mexican *Church* as being corrupt, he is covering ground that extends over four long centuries and which includes a series of persecutions to be matched only in the history of Ireland and Poland.

In the nineteenth century, before the famous (or infamous) "Reforma" of the 1857-1876 period, the Church heard praise from a group of men who were, a few years later, to strip her of every bit of property and prestige gained in three hundred and fifty years of active service to Mexico—and then mock and jeer at her for "doing nothing" in education and social work. In 1826, a Senate

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committee, headed by Valentin Gómez Farías, soon to become a leading anti-clerical, declared that "our clergy have respectively more illustration and piety than that of other Catholic countries." As for the regular clergy, the committee asserted that: "The monasteries have been the asylum of piety, the refuge of the sciences, and the depository in which has been preserved until now much precious knowledge of antiquity. Our religious orders are not composed, as some say, of self-seeking, superstitious and hypocritical men; on the contrary, they abound in persons highly recommendable for their illustration, their virtues, and for the services they have rendered the country. Neither are they a burden because of their number, which is very small, nor have they accumulated riches as in other nations." Lorenzo de Zavala, Mason, bitter anti-clerical, first vice-president of the Texan Republic, wrote of the clergy in his "Ensayo Histórico de las Revoluciones en México" (Paris and New York, 1831-32): "It is very singular, and, therefore, more honorific to the Mexican clergy, that in general they have embraced the interests of the people as their own. Very few are the occasions on which the government has had to take action to correct some ecclesiastics for having provoked disorder or disobedience."

One could go on indefinitely, quoting from authors who have defended the Mexican clergy from the attacks of their defamers. But perhaps we could close by turning once again to Father Cuevas, for he has written that "both clergies [the secular and the regular] making the few exceptions as always, could with historical truth be called acceptable and good"; and again: "the number and kind of great men who came from the ranks of both clergies are irrefutable proof that the tree that produced them was a good tree."

For my own part, I should say that the Mexican clergy and the bishops of the nineteenth century can bear comparison with the very best the Church had to offer in any country during the period. Some day their heroic story will be written and then we shall see how shallow have been the criticisms made by men and women, mostly foreigners, who were only too willing to attack the Mexican nation through the good name of its bishops and priests, nuns and brothers.

PAUL V. MURRAY.

EZRA POUND

Chapala, Jalisco, Mexico.

TO the Editors: Your October 20 and November 10 issues arrived here together, bringing at the same time the Ezra Pound article by Oliver Evans and the letter of protest against it from J. J. Cohane.

Having known Pound and watched his career from the earliest days, I cannot see why the Evans estimate is not a square statement of opinion, besides being intelligently and ably written. Credits and debits are both there and, to my mind, are presented without war-time prejudice. If Pound is out on a limb in limbo, he asked for it, it is to his taste and, if I know him at all, he can take it. Surely not "tragedy" to him, Mr. Cohane, just experience—and perhaps fame.

WITTER BYNNER.

The Stage & Screen

Hand In Glove

IN SPITE of a toppling second-night performance, I was quite frankly impressed with Charles K. Freeman's and Gerald Savory's adaptation of an earlier Savory whodunit. It is true that the piece itself never achieves the tight excellence of performance, staging, setting (particularly lighting) of its prologue which, by designating the killer immediately, started the house off eagerly on the slower, more fumbling problems of suspicion and discovery in a small North England town. The doings include odd rampages of the most authentic stage-idiot I have ever seen, some howling Yorkshire weather, innumerable tea and gossip in a dim kitchen, and, of course, multiple death. And it was only when laughs and funny-business were badly planted that one lost interest in the chase. This serious quibble together with the fact that the whole structure plainly splintered at the dénouement; although whether this was completely lazy writing or simply the unlucky evening (everyone blew his lines completely at one point), I couldn't tell. In any case, I think the authors should refinish their play, particularly the Glove of the Hand of the title. George Lloyd turns in a virtuoso performance as the boyish Murderer. I would like to have seen it perfectly timed (it wasn't) so as to be sure his experience could match his ambition as an actor, but this will seem ungrateful as in his best moments, he was startling, and it is always absorbing to watch a detailed, carefully planned job. Isobel Elsom disseminated confidence, both professionally and *in character,* in the rôle of a courageous Aunt; and the program has it that Skelton Knaggs has always "specialized in half-wit parts." If so, his present one will be, I should think, his biggest and best. Sam Leve's settings are very nice. (*At the Playhouse.*)

Seven Lively Arts

BOTH CONFIRMING *and* denying the welter of hush-hush, rumor, and opinion out of Philadelphia, it is fine (exciting) to be able to record that Billy Rose's Entertainment is not a riot but a show—and I think a good one. It is—astonishing for a nowadays musical—beautifully performed, and—even more astonishing—it is exactly set; and I think it is this latter phenomenon which rears the business into An Occasion on the street rather than another dreary endless collection of haphazard. In the hands of Norman Bel Geddes, the physical production follows a style: he uses a series of brilliantly lit and colored cycloramas, giving lots of air and floor to his dancers; and beyond this, smaller scenes are mounted by skillfully (amusingly) painted cut outs. The stage itself at the Ziegfeld is a large and lovely one, and Mr. Bel Geddes and the director, Hassard Short, have angled it well; so that your eye constantly travels, there are no horizontal masses of people singing or jigging, entrances and exits are here, then there, then there, and they are

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well rehearsed. The players look easy. If this kind of enginery sounds a unique background for Broadway Big-Stuff, one can only hope Mr. Rose's certain success will insure it's being copied not endlessly counterfeited in the future. He is, sadly, less well served by his writers and composer. The show has only one tune ("Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye") and not much text. Sketches by Moss Hart and Ben Hecht start strong but dim down, and the Cole Porter score, although gaily stepped and sung, adds up to nothing on its own. A piece of Stravinsky opens the second act, but here, the music seemed too absolute to be danced at all, although Markova jewels anything. It is, of course, impossible to detail the work without listing performers: beginning with Lillie (they clap her for ten steady minutes and so will you) and proceeding to Bert Lahr, Benny Goodman, Anton Dolin; plus younger discoveries, Nan Wynn and Billy Roche. All are special: Mr. Lahr is everywhere, manfully carrying some dismal lines; Goodman is himself; the kids, expert and fresh; and the Lady from England is found with very small gear but the old waggery intact. Trying to buy a Ballet Ticket, quaking on Angel Street, or simply singing, she is funny, wicked, enchanting, and loves it. And one has the feeling that, like any clown, she will simply go on finagling her material until it fits neater. She is amazingly dressed by Valentina, whose work for the rest of the cast was not, I thought, outstanding—in contrast to Mary Grant's costumes which were. Large numbers I liked were, "Fragonard in Pink" (Hassard Short's one-color complex again, though this time more apt), and "Billy Rose Buys the Metropolitan Opera," with an Elephant. In conclusion, I find I have (cleverly) forgotten to tell you what the *whole* thing is *all* about. It is Radio, Ballet, Movies, Theater, Dancing, Singing and Lyricing at the Ziegfeld by Billy Rose, showman. Valiant biz. (*At the Ziegfeld.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

A Bell for Adano

THE THING you first think of, in retrospect, is its technical smoothness, polish, pace. It moves just fast enough, just slow enough. How much credit for this is due H. C. Potter as director, how much is due a cast predominantly of old hands I cannot say. The fact remains. And it means that this dramatization of John Hersey's novel can have as long as run as it wants and will supply you with a most satisfactory two and one-half hours. It has laughs, it has Meaning, and the handsome proficiency of its actors alone gives you your money's worth.

Everything revolves about Fredric March as Major Victor Joppolo, civil affairs officer for the liberated Italian town of Adano. It is hard to see how Mr. March could be better than he is. Yet his sheer and overpowering excellence, on reflection, produces a sort of cheating. He is so good that he makes you accept him and makes you accept the validity of what is not valid. For this the blame must remain with John Hersey; Paul Osborn, who has tailored the play out of the novel, has done just that and no more, and has done it well.

Fundamentally the invalidity of the story is its confusion, its reliance on the incidental, and hence the picturesque, rather than upon the probable, the credible. The result is the usual falseness of such confusion: the play's object is to show us man striving to create values we respect: humanity, honesty, "democracy." Its effect is to confirm the feeling that these things are dream world things, incurably romantic, doomed to failure, because we see them in a setting of Bleecker Street characters whom we cannot help regarding as largely comic and a great deal less than human. One small specimen of the falsehood: Major Joppolo speaks Italian; he is in an Italian town. Yet in all his conversation with the "natives," he speaks a noble English and they talk like Tony the spaghetti joint owner (all except the priest, Léon Rothier, who is unmistakably and very oddly a cultivated Frenchman speaking the English of a cultivated Frenchman). This goes much deeper than poor casting, which it emphatically is *not,* or bad acting, which it equally emphaticaly is *not.* One accepts it and can conceive of no other arrangement. Therefore it goes to inhumane, viciously and unconsciously false observation on the author's part. He is—and he would violently deny it—looking down his nose at these poor people, amidst whom he has planted a very parfit knight, an American with Ideals. And yet at the acid point this noble man, confronted with an idiotic order from a general who is not even clearly in command of the area, instead of accepting a genuine conflict, simply overrides his superior's orders without even making an attempt at a manly solution. Of course such things happen. But they do not happen to parfit knights; they happen to weak and stultified second raters without half Major Joppolo's ingenuity and tact in every other direction. And thus again, subtly, the ideals held up to our veneration are dismissed as dream stuff.

I suspect that the truth is Mr. Hersey doesn't in his heart believe that what he calls "democracy" (by which he means little more than a decent charity, common honesty and conscientiousness among those in authority) really can work. But he wants it to, and he gets indignant about it, and it is all false. Phoney. In the theater you are not aware of this and are entranced by technical sureness that is delight. (*At the Cort.*)

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Hollywood's Reply to Dec. 7

IN TWO of the biggest films of the year Hollywood pays tribute to our fighting men, particularly the fliers, who are carrying the war to the Japanese. While both M-G-M's *"Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"* and Twentieth Century-Fox's *"Winged Victory"* concentrate on the young fellows (who should really be called men—because they are doing a man's job manfully) they also honor the women, the wives, mothers and sweethearts who serve by waiting and doing their woman's job bravely. Both pictures are charged with emotionalism; and in each there are moments of maudlin sentimentality that detract from their high purpose. The films do have a high purpose in that they make us more fully aware of what these men are going through. For that and for their dramatic presentation they deserve the patronage and serious reflec-

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tion of adult-minded audiences. Since their material (although not their action or stories) is so similar, the two movies might be considered together—with "Thirty Seconds" as a sequel to "Winged Victory."

Although it is difficult to believe that any group of boys would remain so boyishly enthusiastic as the young heroes of "Winged Victory," this film succeeds in giving an excellent picture of the training and preparation of men in the Army Air Forces. In broad, rather panoramic strokes interspersed with flashes of revealing detail, it follows the careers of three youngsters from a small town in Ohio, from their pre-pre-cadet days at the Basic Training Center where they become buddies with three other lads, a farmer from Oregon and the inevitable Texas and Brooklyn boys. We are shown the usual training shots with shower-room and barracks stuff. As cinema this part of the film excels in portraying the grueling tests and examinations which determine each man's classification. The motion picture camera and sound track work together expertly to convey the noise, excitement, nervous strain and tense expectation that drive the cadets. Then comes the gripping scene in which one of the Ohio boys is washed out. Throughout the entire film, large mass scenes are alternated with episodes of special interest in the boys we have come to know. They are visited by their wives; they move on to new training at a desert air field; one of the remaining five is killed in a crash. The graduation and presentation of the wings provides a thrilling spectacle. This is followed by scenes at the assembly base where some of our friends are united. As the planes take off for Pacific destinations, the wives are left to the grim realization of their loneliness. An unusually effective Christmas scene on a Pacific island precedes the exciting battle sequence at the picture's end.

"Winged Victory" is well acted throughout (all the male rôles are played by members of the armed forces), but one remembers the film more for its pageant-like whole than for any individual performances. From his original stage play, Moss Hart wrote the movie script; Darryl Zanuck has given it a fine production; and George Cukor directed. I prefer the movie version to the stage presentation mainly because it has been able to discard the theater's artificial devices and because it moves more quickly. Clear, unsoftened photography adds to the realism of the sets and action. This realism could have been increased still more if the script had made its air-minded boys less naïve and less bubbling with camaraderie. These boys seem only dimly aware of what the war is all about. While they don't belong to the blueberry pie school, neither do they greatly concern themselves with the larger issues. But one point the movies makes particularly clear: these young men are working and fighting with all the strength they have; and for their magnificent fight they deserve all the backing we can give them. We should add an amen to the picture's closing lines said by the boy from Brooklyn: "At least we're trying, we're trying like nobody has ever tried before."

If the first half hour of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" could be slurred over or, better yet, omitted, this would be one of the great films of the war. Once Lieutenant Colonel James Doolittle gets his carefully selected men and their B-25s aboard the *Hornet,* the film takes on a documentary realism and a gripping quality that holds the audience to the end. Dalton Trumbo based his screenplay on the book written by Captain Ted Lawson and Robert Considine. Mervyn LeRoy has directed the scenes on the *Hornet,* the flight over Japan, the subsequent crash on the Chinese coast and the long, painful journey to safety in China with emphasis on factual detail. This part of the film is a stirring ode to the men who actually made the raid and to those who contributed to its success. Unfortunately the first part of the movie is filled with clichés, conventional horseplay and seemingly endless scenes of gushing between fliers and their wives. Surely few films have had scenes as falsely sentimental as the farewell party at which so many pretty girls moon over so many handsome boys in such a slick Hollywoodized atmosphere. This criticism is not made in disparagement of real-life wives who are left behind. I mean to point out that it is unworthy of the high quality of the rest of this film. The scenes of training of the volunteers for Doolittle's special and secret job and the episodes portraying the unpretentious heroism of the men who made the flight in "The Ruptured Duck" ring with sincerity. The photography throughout is first rate; and the sequence of the flight over Japan including the thirty seconds over Tokyo is one of the outstanding thrills in cinema history. The production,

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under Sam Zimbalist, is noteworthy for its realism; Director LeRoy deserves high praise for his handling of a large cast which includes Spencer Tracy, in a straightforward unhistrionic performance as Doolittle; Van Johnson as the pilot Lawson; Phyllis Thaxter, a newcomer of exceptional promise, as his wife; Robert Walker as a gunner-mechanic. The Chinese are played by Chinese (thank goodness) and with effective simplicity and honesty. The scenes which show their untiring efforts in helping those of Doolittle's men who were rescued, should reaffirm our feeling of debt to these allies. The suffering through which our fliers went and their bravery (which is not overplayed) should forcefully remind us what we owe these men and make us do all in our power to bring into effect the desire expressed by one of them in commenting on the war: "If we could only fix it so that this would be the last one." PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Children's Books

SINCE the publication of our children's book issue a number of new volumes have appeared, several of them deserving serious attention on the part of those who may still want to buy gifts in this category. Herewith are listed the more important of the last minute offerings:

Grimm's Fairy Tales. Complete Edition. Illustrations by Josef Scharl. Pantheon. $7.50. This handsome volume, containing almost 900 pages of text and drawings, both black-and-white and colored, is far more than a mere "juvenile," although it certainly will prove useful to parents and fascinating to their offspring. It is also a work of scholarship, including an introduction by Padraic Colum and a folklorist commentary by Joseph Campbell. The translation is that originally made by Margaret Hunt, now revised and completed by James Stern. In all there are 210 fairy tales. When it is remembered that these tales were recorded by the Brothers Grimm rather than invented by them, their ethnological interest becomes manifest. They are among the world's best stories, and they are a reflection of the folk. Mr. Scharl's illustrations are a sophisticated imitation of the naïve style employed by nineteenth century German artists to illustrate the cautionary tales so popular in an earlier generation. They are thoroughly bloody and certainly would horrify a certain variety of child psychologist. I find them decorative, yet I am not entirely happy about them. But the whole book is such an admirable specimen of careful editing, excellent printing and genuine quality that I cannot recommend it too heartily. The public welcomed it eagerly, an initial printing of 5,000 being sold out within a week. Copies will again be available after the first of the year.

Willie's Walk to Grandmama. Margaret Wise Brown and Rockbridge Campbell. Illustrated by Lucienne Bloch. Scott. $1.25. A little boy goes from the city to the country where he discovers the normal phenomena of nature as well as a large chocolate cake. For tots.

The Elegant Elephant. Russell McCracken and Susanne Suba. Rand. $1.00. This item includes elaborate cut-outs from which cardboard elephants can be fabricated. A novelty which should please children at the age when they like scissors, paste and crayons.

Sir Archibald. Wolo. Morrow. $2.00. Unnatural history in which birds, monkeys, "meanies" and other such have exciting adventures.

This Is the World. Josephine van Dolzen Pease and Esther Friend. Rand. $2.50. The most elementary of geographies, very briefly covering the economic, physical and political approaches to the study of the globe, the whole made palatable by a chocolate coating of very pleasant illustrations.

The First Christmas Crib. Katherine Milhous. Scribner. $1.25. A story of Saint Francis of Assisi and the first crêche. Beautifully done and highly recommended.

Four from the Old Town. Antoni Gronowicz and Dwight Logan. Scribner. $2.00. For older boys and girls: a story of the Polish underground and the part played in it by young people. The "old town" is Lwow.

The Silver Pencil. Alice Dalgliesh and Katherine Milhous. Scribner. $2.50. For older girls: a charming tale of how a British girl became an American. Situated in England, Trinidad, Canada and the US.

Strictly Private. Elizabeth Woodward. Crowell. $2.00. The editor of the "Sub-Deb" department in the *Ladies Home Journal* tells her clientele how to behave in order to win friends and influence people.

Timid Timothy. The Kitten Who Learned to Be Brave. Gweneira Williams and Leonard Weisgard. Scott. $1.25. Mother cat and her kitten go to the circus. For children below seven. The pictures have much charm.

Travelers All. The Story of How Plants Go Places. Irma E. Webber. Scott. $1.25. Some of the very simple facts about plants and their seeds. Beautifully done and especially suited to young children who have country interests. The pictures are fine from a botanical as well as a decorative point of view.

Children's Picture Cook Book. Margaret Gossett and Elizabeth Dauber. Scott. $1.50. This is the second juvenile cook book of the year, and it seems to me the better. The recipes are quite foolproof and adequate emphasis is placed upon cleaning up when you are through, as well as upon working methodically.

Michael and the Captain. Ruth Langland Holberg and Sandra James. Crowell. $2.00. A story for older children and young adolescents about Serbia in the days of Turkish domination.

The City Set on a Hill. James A. van der Veldt, O.F.M. Dodd. $2.50. A small boy visits Rome and is shown the sights, with explanations of historical significance or contemporary custom. An excellent job if you want your children to know something about this ancient city.

Western Wild Life. Allen Chaffee. Caxton. $2.50. An excellent volume of natural history and nature lore for children from about ten up.

Airline Girl. Patricia O'Malley. Dodd. $2.00. Another career book, this time dealing with work in the publicity office of an airline.

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Warhawk Patrol. Rutherford G. Montgomery and Clayton Knight. McKay. $2.00. A story of Army flying for older boys.

Uncle Sam's Marines. George Avison. Macmillan. $1.00. A fairly complete history of this branch of the service together with a description of its activities, for boys in their early teens.

Uncle Sam's Story Book. Wilhelmina Harper and Grace Paul. McKay. $2.00. A collection of patriotic and picturesque stories associated with our history.

The Magic Flute. Robert Lawrence and Paul Kinmear. Grosset. $.50. The story of the opera. Attractive costume designs and settings. Good for anyone who is going to hear this celebrated work. This and the following three titles are excellent values for the money.

The Covered Wagon. May McNeer and Florian. Grosset. $.50. Just what you would think it is.

The Big Green Umbrella. Elizabeth Coatsworth and Helen Sewell. Grosset. $.50. The adventures of an umbrella in clipper ship days.

Whitey Looks for a Job. Glen Rounds. Grosset. $.50. Adventures of a young lad who goes lumbering.

On the Edge of the Fjord. Alta Halverson Seymour. Westminster. $2.00. For older boys and girls: Norway under nazi occupation.

The Sea Cats. Alice Curtis Desmond and Wilfred Bronson. Macmillan. $2.00. For older boys and girls: a careful account of Alaskan sealing under government license and supervision.

Little Jonathan. Miriam E. Mason and George and Doris Hauman. Macmillan. $1.50. Pioneering in Indiana for boys and girls from six to eight.

Little Champion. Ida Berry Riggs and Decie Merwin. Macmillan. $2.00. Arizona ranch life for children between eight and twelve.

The Golden Dictionary. Ella Wales Walpole and Miss Elliott. S. & S. $1.50. The finest dictionary for children I have yet seen, with excellent illustrations all in full color—1,500 of them. The vocabulary consists of 1,030 words.

Young MacDonald Had a Farm. Carlyle Leach. Daye. $1.00. An animated song book: you sing the song and pull tabs of paper and things move.

Play Songs of the Deep South. Altona Trent-Johns and James A. Porter. Associated. $2.15. This is a collection of rather elaborate dances and pantomimes associated with old songs little familiar outside the South. Most of this art sprang up among Negro children, and the present collection is made by a Negro author. But this should be a good book for any group of children who like this kind of game.

My Happy Days. Jane Dabney Shackelford. Photos by Cecil Vinson. Associated. $2.15. The daily life of a little Negro boy in a middle class home in the North. The family consists of his mother and father and a sister. In excellent photographs we see him doing all the things a normal middle class American boy does—going to school, having hobbies, etc.

One God. Florence Mary Fitch. Lothrop. $2.00. This is a simple account, illustrated with photographs, of the practices and beliefs of Jews, Catholics and Protestants. It is purely expository and intended to acquaint young Americans with the religions of their fellow citizens.

The Christmas Book of Legends and Stories. Elva Sophronia Smith and Alice Isabel Hazeltine. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop. $2.50. A four hundred page anthology of poetry, plays and stories centering on Christmas.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

More Books of the Week

An Essay on Man. Ernst Cassirer. Yale. $3.00.

HERE is a work of evidently deep and authentic "scholarship," on the merits and defects of which scholarship this reviewer is wholly incompetent to pass. By "scholarship" he understands a wide acquaintance on the part of the author with what men of the past have thought and said on the subject of his book. Dr. Cassirer's subject is, whether he so intended it or not, an answer to the question of the Psalmist: "What is man?" Anyone will admit that the question is about as fundamental as any question that a man can ask himself or another. Even in the plenitude of his own lack of scholarship, the reviewer could not resist the impression that the Doctor has handled his material in good magisterial fashion avoiding the extremes of dogmatism in which so many anthropologists have—and still do—indulge, and recognizing the apparent antinomies and inconsistencies which characterize this curious hybrid of two worlds in the light of his actions and his thinking.

The author's approach to his subject is profoundly "scientific"—that is, empirical, but more "scientific" (because the empiricism is more complete) than that prevailing in the last century, when the superstition of "scientism" was in full flood. There is an interesting parallelism between his "Essay on Man" and the remarkable "trilogy" recently completed by the French scientist, Dr. Pierre Lecomte du Noüy, which has aroused much interest in France, and—although still awaiting an English dress—is beginning to stir attention in this country. Where both differ radically from the "scientific" approach of the last century is that their empiricism takes into account the *fact* of man's "spiritual" nature as something other than a product of mere physico-chemical reactions in his body. As a result Dr. du Noüy boldly takes his stand upon a definitely theistic and teleological interpretation of evolution. Dr. Cassirer's study implies, but does not so directly assert, a similar conclusion. Both men recognize "religion" as inherent in the nature of man, but it is a "religion" devoid of divine revelation and divine grace, representing the struggle of man, unaided by either, to reach some knowledge of the transcendant, the unseen. This is a significant revolution in "scientific" thinking of which we shall soon hear much more.

Another difference between the two writers is in their treatment of Christ and Christianity. For Dr. du Noüy Christ is the "Perfect Man," the "type" of mankind when it has reached the final goal of spiritual progress, and Christianity is the highest form which man's religious strivings have developed or are likely to develop. The name of Christ (unless this reviewer is mistaken) does not appear in Dr. Cassirer's text—certainly not in the index—and Christianity, as such, receives slight attention.

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The index notes less than half a dozen pages under that head. Now the *facts* include the *facts* of Christ, of the Catholic Church and of the doctrine and the teaching of that Church concerning the Divinity of Christ. That teaching divides the peoples of the world more sharply, more fundamentally than does anything else in human thinking, according as they accept or deny it. It does so because for any man all the meaning, all the values of human life are dependent upon that acceptance or that denial, that is, his answer to the question: Is Christ God and Man or only the "Perfect Man"? Science recognizes that the man Christ lived; it is beginning to recognize the existence of God; what argument has it to offer against the Incarnation which does not equally apply against the existence of God? That is the question with which both Dr. du Noüy's "trilogy" and Dr. Cassirer's "Essay on Man" leaves this admittedly scientifically ignoramus reviewer, and he can think of no single question more fundamental in consequences to mankind than the question: "What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He?" Science is beginning to rediscover God, the soul and the moral law; will it presently rediscover Christ? T. F. W.

The Biography of a Cathedral. Robert Gordon Anderson. Longmans. $4.00.

IT MUST be said at once that this is the kind of book one finds hard to classify. Basically it is the story of Notre Dame of Paris. But it is also pretty much a world history wherein special emphasis is laid upon events which led at length to the Gothic temple that rises by the Seine.

There is something undeniably attractive about this broad pageant, stretching as it does from the days of the first Caesar to the middle 1200's. Incident crowds upon incident down through the ages. Old Parisian tales are told once more: Denis is here and Genevieve who are patrons of the city; Charlemagne walks again amongst his scholars in the shadow of Our Lady; Abelard spins out his logic web and captivates fair Heloise.

Not, indeed, that all is straight history. Rather a dramatization—by a man who has worked for Hollywood—of selected happenings in the life of the Ile-de-France and of the Christian West. Some of it is authentic, some even a recasting of medieval chronicles. But much is fiction painted in where our sources start to scale.

Now and then legends lightly pass for facts. Beautiful legends they are, like that of the Seven Bishops who cast lots for their sees when first they came to Gaul or that of Saint Genevieve holding Paris firm against the Franks till Clovis be baptized. But beauty need not always serve the cause of truth. And modern historians have been more cautious than Mr. Anderson. Still there is much he has to teach. Few Americans know the city on the Seine better than he, few but will learn from the sound comments that give substance to his pages.

Of those who turn to this book, some will have their suggestions, some their questions. For myself I wondered on occasion just what it was that linked one story or another with the central theme of Notre Dame. And I should much have preferred finding the chapter on the cathedral's liturgy done into an actual scene after the fashion of Huysmans's beautiful setting of the Mass that Durtal heard at Chartres in the Virgin's crypt.

Inevitably a comparison will be drawn between Anderson's book and "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres." Thereby the newer work will suffer. For it is not as compact, not as centered upon its subject as is the other. Then, too, its style has not the naturalness of Henry Adams's. Yet there are virtues enough which remain. It is no small merit that Robert Anderson has produced a piece which kindles in the hearts of others the warmth he feels himself for Our Lady's shrine that is the soul of Paris. HENRY G. J. BECK.

Prodigal Genius: The Life of Nikola Tesla. John J. O'Neill. Washburn. $3.75.

THE PARTIAL LIST of US patents taken out by Tesla—reproduced in this book—is a much more eloquent tribute to the strange genius of the man than is the author's recurrent use of the term *superman* in describing the object of his biography.

It is true that Tesla electrified the world. He came to America at the time when Edison was attempting to put his limited direct current system into general operation for power and light. Within a few years Tesla had brought into being the modern power and transmission systems and had harnessed Niagara. He gave us the electrical robot and every essential of the modern radio. He invented radar more than forty years ago. He produced neon tubes, fluorescent lighting, remote control by wireless and the high frequency currents which perform the electronic wonders of today and many other things.

In a sense Tesla did believe himself a superman. Throughout his life he was a strict determinist. He regarded human beings as machines and himself as one more sensitive than most. So he undertook to develop that particular machine to the utmost—for the benefit of all men.

He possessed the ability not only to visualize a complex electro-magnetic problem *in toto,* but would visualize as well the complete new machine required to make it useful. And he had held the vision of the alternating current motor and the rotating magnetic field in his mind for five years before he had a chance to construct one. The first he made, without benefit of a line on paper, worked exactly as he knew it would.

In his attempt to create Tesla, the supermachine, he pushed aside romance and all the mystical aspects of life. Though, in the end, both infringed upon him in an extraordinary way. His greatest handicap was his lack of ability to share his plans with others. He could not delegate any part of his researches. He never put anything on paper. He inspired many. But he trained nobody. He could neither give nor receive.

He was a showman, a striking figure in an age of magnificence, yet he remained distant from the world. He was more than an inventor, for he was a discoverer of new principles which to this day have been only partly explored and imperfectly understood. He did not work for money or for glory but for the good of others. At his death he was penniless and alone. WILLIAM AGAR.

Mentor Graham. Kunigunde Duncan and D. F. Nickols. Chicago. $3.75.

THIS IMPORTANT addition to Lincolniana is the heretofore untold story of the scarcely known schoolmaster who had so decisive an influence in shaping and directing Lincoln's career. The biography skilfully preserves the Midwest idiom and atmosphere of the period and region which was for Graham and Lincoln the same Kentucky-Illinois milieu, Brush Creek and New Salem.

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Graham's outlook, conditioned by his Irish and Scotch parentage and his pioneer cultural background, was marked by two strong convictions: one was of God's invincible goodness, and the other was the value of clarity and precision in the spoken and written word. Joubert was no surer of the worth of good language than the frontier teacher whose learning and philosophy fitted him like the garment of fate to be Lincoln's tutor. As Browning's Pompilia observes: "God plants us where we grow."

Not only did Lincoln live for months in Mentor Graham's home but he tutored with him intermittently for years during his whole stay in New Salem and after he had moved to Springfield. Graham it was who first taught him surveying. Almost from the master's first meeting with the gangling, gauche young frontiersman, he saw in him a "spiritual partner," a booklover after his own heart, "whom he would help to rise, get on," For this he must have him under his jealous eye making sure that he did not waste time learning amiss what he would have to unlearn. He was taking the kinks out of Lincoln's backwoods drawl and backhanded wording of ideas, setting him to read Plato in translation." Whether Lincoln is shown acting as election clerk, cribbing corn, sawing wood, caring for one of the many Graham babies, parsing every word of the "Age of Reason" (with his preceptor "dryly poking run at Paine's logic between the parsings"), or broken-hearted over the death of his schoolmate, Ann Rutledge, the picture of America's most exalted national hero as he appears here is touching and authentic. And we see also another maker of America—the faithful schoolmaster who for over six decades of his long life (1800-1886) taught the young of our nation much the same things he taught Abraham Lincoln.

M. WHITCOMB HESS.

Continent's End. Joseph Henry Jackson. Whittlesey. $3.50.

CALIFORNIA writing has never been distinguished, not even by the rather low standards of regional writing. So that the compiler of this anthology can hardly be blamed for the general mediocrity of the selections. In the fiction section there is a typical Steinbeck piece, selected from one of his lesser known novels and lacking in the feeling for mood his short stories often possess. And there is a Saroyan piece with Willie being characteristically winsome. John Fante's story is tough Saroyan, Jo Pagano's an intellectual version of the same—so you can see that Willie is what they call an "influence." Very few of the pieces are downright bad, M. F. K. Fisher's amateurish and prurient little piece on a girls' boarding school being the only one that comes to mind. But there is nothing that even faintly transmits the by now w. k. "shock of recognition."

The non-fiction section is considerably better. T. K. Whipple's essay, "Aucassin and the Sierras," is a measured and quietly witty study of the American predilection for the outdoors. Also included is a typically well-written excerpt from Lincoln Steffens's "Autobiography," which might be titled "Who is the cleverest man in the world and why am I?" And the piece I found most interesting, Franklin Walker's study of the "historian" Bancroft, who blithely and blandly employed others to do his writing for him. Bancroft was also a pioneer in buying favorable reviews.

H. S.

Wholesome Reading

ST. DOMINIC AND HIS WORK

By PIERRE MANDONNET, O.P.

Translated by

Sister Mary Benedicta Larkin, O.P.

$5.00

"... a unique biographical creation as well as a monumental historical survey ..."

JOHN T. MCNICHOLAS,
Archbishop of Cincinnati.

This work hands down to readers a mature judgment on a heroic Saint of God and the Order he established. Among the notes of Father Mandonnet was found this sentence: "To read joy; to think delight; to write torture." Surely this scholarly and readable book will bring joy and delight to its readers even though it meant torture to its author.

JAMES LAYNEZ
Jesuit

By JOSEPH H. FICHTER, S.J.

Illustrated

$3.00

The biography of this prominent theologian whose life extended from 1512 to 1565 necessarily casts light on four important events which are interrelated: the Reformation, the origin of the Society of Jesus, the Council of Trent, and the Counter-reformation. This work in a difficult field has lasting value.

B. Herder Book Co.

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Gone Away with O'Malley. M. O'Malley Knott, with Page Cooper. Illustrated by Paul Brown. Doubleday. $3.00.

THIS BOOK of reminiscences will be a joy to anyone who has ever had to do with horses—from the "horsey" to those who like to feed a lump of sugar to the policeman's mount of city streets. Middleton O'Malley Knott, son of County Mayo's best and fanciest doctor, determined at the age of ten to become Ireland's greatest gentleman jockey and would perhaps have realized his ambition had he not run away to sea in a four-masted schooner and got a glimpse of America in the San Francisco of the 90's.

The telling—boyhood days in Irish hunting country, making a very hard way in America learning to be a veterinary, and finally success as one of America's best professional horsemen—is well done entertainment without affectation. The many anecdotes of people and animals—as a "vet" he worked on sick lions and elephants as well as horses—are both humorous and sad in that manner peculiar to the Irish.

A great deal of first-hand "dope" on the selection, care, and handling of horses adds value to the book, and Paul Brown's illustrations have caught its mood.

DEVIN A. GARRITY.

"First With The Most" Forrest. Robert Selph Henry. Bobbs. $4.00.

NATHAN B. FORREST was the only man who enlisted as a private in the Civil War and reached the rank of lieutenant general. He had no previous military education. As a matter of fact, Forrest did not experience more than six months of formal education in his entire life. Entering the war a millionaire, he emerged from it a pauper. During the war his reputation grew to such proportions that the Northern troops feared him more than they feared any other Southern leader. After the war the Confederate general Joseph E. Johnston "pronounced General Forrest the greatest soldier the Civil War produced," greater than either Lee or Jackson. This exceptionally fine biography treats Forrest sympathetically but critically, and gathers together all that has previously been written about him. Nearly one hundred pages are required for notes and index. It is unfortunate that in the welter of books being produced about the present war this outstanding account may well receive much less attention than it deserves. It is a really significant addition to the literature of the Civil War. PAUL KINIERY.

The Sea Witch. Alexander Laing. Murray Hill Books. $3.50.

THE STORY of the clipper ships. 1846 to 1856. One senses that the author is steeped in the spirit of Melville. He states that this is the first outright story of them and wonders, as indeed may we, that Melville, living at the time, never put his romatic pen to their service. The story is cluttered, rather, with the romantic lives of his characters and, despite the show on every pages of his saturation in the records of the period when Philip Hone observed and Nat Willis ruled our town, the Strachey spirit of romantic history has permitted him to introduce pages from the Hone diary which we do not find in the original.

But it is a delightful record of those brave days, embodied in the story of the *Sea Witch,* in her day the bravest of them all. The owner, the builder, the captain, the impressed crew, all are here setting forth and returning over the broad Pacific. A stirring tale of the sea in all her moods. EDWARD L. KEYES.

The Economic Development of French Indo-China. Charles Robequain. Under the Auspices of the International Secretariat of the Institute of Pacific Relations. Oxford. $4.00.

VERY SIMPLY, I am appalled that men and women of high calibre should sit down at this time to write a treatise on the economic development of French Indo-China under the impression that they are being realistic. Might I ask them to tell me what France is at this moment? Or the French Empire? Or that part of it formerly named French Indo-China? I have not lived in the sacred surroundings of University Presses. I have only lived for forty-eight years in the Pacific Basin and on its coastal shores, being shot at, and fortunately mostly missed, as I am still around, but in the process I have gathered firm impressions amounting to convictions. One of them is that the white inhabitants of French Indo-China were infinitesimal in number, maybe around 20-23 thousand, mostly of a very low calibre physically and morally, surrounded by about 20-25 millions of natives who more or less intensely despised them, which made it very easy for the hard-bitten Japanese to wipe out their State, or whatever fictitious name the French called it by. The same was true of Singapore, which had no "native" backing of any sort for Englishmen. As far as the "natives" were concerned, Frenchmen and British were "a decadent white-skinned master race living on the economic development and reserves of the native dark-skinned subject race," subjects even when they were called French citizens. Into all that came the dark-skinned Japanese, making the most of the situation. The Japanese are still not conquered, not driven out. They are not strongly liked by the natives but are less disliked by them than their former decadent white masters. If a dark-skinned subject race must have a master, by all means, in my opinion, let him rather be a dark-skinned master of the same approximate race than a "repulsive white skin." Is it truly hopeless to teach Naval Intelligence and Military Intelligence (our people) how best to kill the Japanese who have set up a formidable Japanese Empire, or Institutes of Pacific Relations who are teaching people to write peace treatises for postwar construction, that the fundamental problem is the same, and that unless they understand that fundamental first, it is not worth writing anything at all?

A very remarkable man (Professor Latourette of the University of Pennsylvania) did understand it, writing a book on the evolution of Christianity. He said: "The expansion of Christianity is also the expansion of world war. Nationalism and national interests have been too closely interwoven with Christianity till today . . ." Christianity and economics and warships!

A reviewer in THE COMMONWEAL wrote recently of my assertion that the building of the Panama Canal was so closely interwoven with our defeat at Pearl Harbor, as to be inseparable from it, that my words were "fighting words." These are truly fighting words, as are also these: War and Reconstruction in the Pacific Basin are two things: a revolution of the vast majority of the human race to acquire and use to their own best native advantage all those economic riches which the Pacific Basin possesses; and a fierce rebellion of all dark-skinned subject races

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against all white-skinned master races. I said that in the book ("Our Jungle Diplomacy") to whose "fighting words" THE COMMONWEAL's reverend reviewer takes exception. One shouldn't take exception to words. It is only important to understand their meaning. M. Robequain does not make his economic treatise clear in connection with the fundamental fact I have just stated.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

The Sad Sack. Sergeant George Baker. S&S. $2.00.

THE adventures of the justly famous army private pictured in *Yank* magazine have mostly to do with heartless sergeants and a few M.P.'s. The cartoons are notable for their pace, humor, pathos and crude tactile strength; they deal with camp life, not actual combat. As amusing a volume as has come along in many months.

The Inner Forum

1944 *Liturgical Week*

IN THE very midst of the joyous Christmas Season, when the beauty and the richness and the poetry of the prayers of the Church—in Mass and Office—are at their height, a national liturgical conference is to be held in New York under the patronage of Archbishop Spellman. The first discussion meeting will take place at Cathedral High School, Lexington Avenue and 50th St., December 27, in the evening; the following two days there will be three sessions daily at the High School—at 11:00 A.M., 2:30 P.M. and 8:30 P.M. In connection with this "Liturgical Week" Solemn Masses will be offered in Saint Patrick's Cathedral at 9:30 A.M. on the 28th and 29th, while Compline, the official evening prayer of the Church, will be sung in the Cathedral at 5 P.M.

This is the fifth time on which a national liturgical conference has met in the United States. The first meeting took place at Chicago in 1940; subsequent "weeks" were held in St. Paul, Minnesota (1941), St. Meinrad, Indiana (1942) and Chicago in 1943. But similar congresses had been called in other countries for a number of years previous to this war. The proceedings of the first congress in Chicago, which have been published in book form, included an address by Msgr. Reynold Hillenbrand, Rector of Saint Mary of the Lake Seminary, Mundelein, Ill., which outlines much of the history of these congresses in the modern liturgical revival.

He traces the movement primarily to Pope Pius X who in November, 1903, declared "The primary and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit is the active participation in the most holy mysteries and in the public and solemn prayer of the Church." It was in Western Europe that took place the most vigorous response to Pius X's eloquent call to the liturgical revival. In Belgium the Benedictine Abbey of Mont César, where liturgical weeks were held annually for twenty-five years until the war, together with the Abbeys of Maredsous and St. André "were the spearheads" of the movement. Msgr. Hillenbrand finds that Holland led all others in the restoration of the Gregorian Chant. Germany was preeminent for the Benedictine Abbey of Maria Laach, where great progress was registered in liturgical history,

To be Generous to the Sick Poor

. . . helps to secure an answer to your own prayers. The Infinite Goodness to Whom you pray has said in unmistakable terms, "Whatever you do to the least of these My brethren, you do it to Me." Hence, if we are generous to others, God will be generous to us. Apply this to your donations to the Catholic Medical Missions, and you will be moved to do all you can to help the Board to aid the unfortunate. Send your gift now, before you forget it, to the Catholic Medical Mission Board, 10 West 17th Street, New York 11, N. Y. It will be gratefully acknowledged, and you will pray with more confidence for help for your own necessities.

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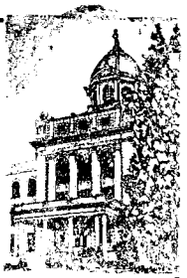

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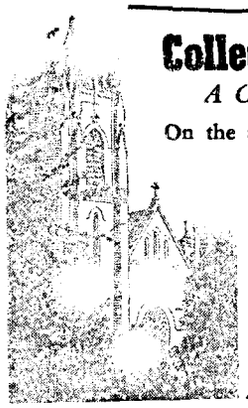

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music and the arts. Pius Parsch of Klosterneuburg, near Vienna, Austria, "for lucidity, warmth, blend of honest criticism and practicality, is unmatched by any other liturgical writer. . . . France began to do excellent work, particularly in restoring parish life. Solesmes, the Solesmes of Guéranger, has been the world center of the chant, due to Dom Mocquereau and Dom Gajard." Under Cardinal Schuster of Milan the Ambrosian rite—one of the great non-Roman rites of the West—continues to flourish in the Duomo of Milan, while there is also the Pontifical Institute of Sacred Music in Rome.

In the United States it is Saint John's Benedictine Abbey of Collegeville, Minn., with the magazine *Orate Fratres* and numerous liturgical pamphlets which serves as the mainspring of the movement. It was with the Liturgical Day observed in Collegeville in July, 1929, that the movement in the United States may said to have been born. The inspiration for much of this was the late Virgil Michel, O.S.B., of St. John's Abbey. While the Belgian Weeks, which concerned themselves more and more with the popularization of the Liturgy among the masses, seemed to reach the greatest numbers and attained the widest renown, the idea of holding such congresses spread to Austria, Canada, Chile, Italy and Spain.

The purpose of the Liturgical Week to be held right after Christmas in New York is "to bring together for consultation and cooperation all interested in a deeper understanding and more active participation in the official public worship of the Catholic Church." There has been considerable emphasis in the American meetings on the development of parish consciousness and parish life. To quote Father Godfrey Diekmann, O.S.B., editor of *Orate Fratres,* for instance, "The Church becomes concrete in the parish; . . . the parish, the pastor and the community of parishioners *are* the Church, Christ's Body in miniature, but the true reality. So if Baptism means a birth into the Church, it means more immediately a birth into a particular church, into a definite mystical body in miniature. That is to say, every Baptism of a new member of the parish very intimately concerns the whole parish, every single member of the parish. We may say that it is a 'blessed event' for the whole family of God represented by that particular parish. . . . In every Mass . . . [the] Our Father should remind us of our mutual consecration into the body of Christ at Baptism, of the mutual charity with which, together with our brethren, we approach the sacrament of still greater union. . . ."

CONTRIBUTORS

Norman THOMAS is the leader of the Socialist Party in the United States. We asked him to write of his experience because we believe many people are wondering about the possibility of the development of a third party.

Rose PONCIN is the pen name of a journalist.

Daniel SARGENT teaches at Harvard University and is the author of numerous biographies, historical works and volumes of verse.

Francis D. CLARE is the pen name of a Religious.

Rev. Henry G. J. BECK teaches at Immaculate Conception Seminary, Darlington, N. J.

William AGAR, himself a geologist, at present devotes most of his time to Freedom House, New York.

M. Whitcomb HESS contributes to various periodicals and was formerly connected with the German department of Ohio State University, Athens, O.

Devin A. GARRITY is himself a book publisher, being the owner of Devin-Adair, New York.

Paul KINIERY is assistant dean of the graduate school of Loyola University, Chicago, Ills.

Edward L. KEYES, M.D., was one of the founders of THE COMMONWEAL.

William Franklin SANDS has recently published an important autobiographical study of our foreign policy, "Our Jungle Diplomacy."

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